

Evening Telegraph

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1864.

THE PETROLEUM PRINCE.

A "Moral Educational" Poem, in which are humorously related their adventures of a few Reptiles, who, after having accidentally derived fortune by his profession, "struck oil," further adduce reflections with respect to President Lincoln, General Grant, General Sherman, Richmonds, Savannahs, Army Commanders, Field-Spectators, and the scenes of Government, generally.

DEDICATED TO ALL OPERATORS, AND COMMENDED EXPRESSLY FOR THE PHILADELPHIA "SKATING CELEBRATION."

BY A. E. LANCASTER.

Far away from this desert of boulders and rocks, Where the mule and mohawked camp encamp; Spreads a majestic realm, where the sun of the world Shines with a very striking of Oil.

The whirling and purring of the steam engine, Echo loud through the sweet-sounding air; And so rich are the mohawks that regions lie laid, That they gush forth at the price of gold!

Their horse-power and steam power go forth all their might, And derides, like mushrooms, sprout up in a night. Such things as dreams are well foreseen, And all the power of man can not stop.

There the "hobos" and the "hounds" and the substitutes-hobos, Political jokes and political jokes, Quilt the communion of Oil-fields with weather, Are laid on the chaff, and forgotten together.

Petrolia! I feel my poetic blood boil, When the name I but mention, then Pardon of Oil.

From thy sweet-smelling streams rapid fortunes are dashed— Except when one finds himself suddenly dished.

Time was when Oilfield and Marketed, too, A skily-purposed aristocracy grew; And when that mire and that mud place that Shoddy, Holds now in the social-political body.

From the rocks of Petrolia, when once they are struck, If like Moses you should see in them, Streams a fountain of Oil, worth its weight, when it's sold, In greenbacks, or what is almost as good—gold.

Well! into this region there once died a youth, Determined of course to arrive at the truth Of the matter, and learn for himself its report. It had hit the bull's eye, shot beyond, or come short.

He was christened Lazurus, his last name—no master! 'Twas enough for his master, tailor, and master, To know that he and for blandly explained to each creature, That he took charge of "society," and ought to be editor.

How he made of his money! he can't tell, Perhaps he himself didn't know very well.

He had left a "Bohemian" career, so some summers, And was one of our most intellectual of "bohemians."

When scarce out of jackets, and scarce in his lemons, A dabster at wily sensational scenes,

He was baptised reporter, and wrote for the papers, And sometimes indulged in theatrical capers.

In cases of suicide, murder, and theft, Espionage, and lies, he was equally deaf, A budget of "notes" he had always about him, And no that class paper could do without him.

He knew "how" much, and how little to say, And how to "put" what he said in the right way.

He knew how to blackguard in expulsive style, And used always to swindle a curse in a smile.

But the heaviest drap on his organ essential, Was when he attempted it a them editorial. One thing was quite clear in his style, to be sure, And that one thing was, that "two" clearly obscure.

He dressed well—for ever was sporting now stiffer His hats were perfection, and so were his boots; His collars were "darlings," and little his gloves; His vest they were "sweet," and his neckties were "loves."

His pants and his coats were so glossy and new, That they looked as though they were a part of him, too; And the best of it was (as he owned), from one Paul To another, he got them for nothing at all!

That he was good at finding a "puff," Of the style with which traduced their customers still's.

Thought, indeed, it was hard to conceive what Lazurus meant.

When once he'd got off his prelieve advertisement.

But though in affairs of Police and the Courts, He could write the most lovely sensation reports,

In the Drama it was he shone brightest of all,— His publisher wormwood, and all his bad gall.

Twice he could write up, and twice he could write down, Who could make with a smile, and with a frown.

"Twas his to grant greatness, and his to refuse, And make even the Eminent shake in his shoes.

Every actress's age he could tell in a Ti;

Could relate who she was, and who used to be.

When the plays or the players were away mystic,

(Like himself,) who would term them "extremely artistic."

And he could write poetry, and he thought,

That no poems like his could remain long unprinted.

But unlike his book were the brains he brought to it.

For his book was so thin, you could almost see through it!

For some time before looking out for a wife,

He launched forth on the sea of political life—

That was as so many a storm each night roared,

And where some noble ship sank, because of no light-house.

Where he lived at that time, I forgot; but 'twas where

All the great and the good of the nation resorted!

I told a friend this once, who told me again,

That it must, by all means, have been Washington, then,

It was Washington, too, for he needed to recall

How, hour after hour, he would stand in the Hall

Or House of the Senate, like one in a trance.

Whilst around him was tripped the political dance.

He used to describe his unknown dominion

(Particularly when there wasn't a quorum);

And the "eloquent" speech of a more "eloquent" speaker,

That was half-love of country and the other half lipos.

In this Garden of Eden, this Washington, too,

Lazurus began to have Greenbacks in view.

He loved Love and Money, he took them both leisurely,

And for sometime he found them both—up at the Treasury.

In politics he knew truth is stranger than fiction,

So he wrote on both sides, to avoid contradiction.

He knew it is conscience makes owards of us all,

So took care to lose his in the Capitol Hall.

So Lazurus made money—he never regretted

He held saved up enough to invest—and invested.

And a small fortune netted, through a forged Proclamation,

"Did the 'no'" and the "no's" of the Government drama,

As hard to be caught as was Semmes' "Ahaba."

In the race, "Love of Country," he was such an actor,

That he came near to "stirring" as Army Contractor.

So he gathered his greenbacks, he gathered them in,

And real work of life began to begin;

For with him making money was like making war—

Give him five hundred thousand he'll "call" for some more.

"Twas then that Petroleum, beginning to surge

From the depths, made its grand introductory sputters,

And, where all had seen hitherto war to the knife,

Poured its oil in the waters of fashionable life.

For if nothing else lives, Fashion must, and somebody

Believes that she can live forever off Shoddy,

That's all that's left her, she'd best take to fasting;

Though it grows in abundance, it ain't very lasting.

He-lid, some day (soon), his trial will be over, And we none more, like Christians, be living in clover, With eternal happiness no longer intended In newspaper articles, all double-teased.

Then the eye shall no longer light up, as it stretches The gloomy war news of general desolation, But the God-given blessings of peace and prosperity, Shall be restored to us—, at least, by justly.

Golden dollars, like butterflies, thickly shall sport, When Religion gives in, and when greenbacks give out, Like Israel's children, well fed and happy, We're God's taken children, and Sherman savannahs, But when they're taken, pray what can we do? For Lazurus, if Easton can't see her through? You're here again, putting the question to rest, And in due every captain to recruit.

From the south and the valleys, the rocks and the hills, Where contracts were lately closed out at the mill, Come every mineral out of it.

The Seed Men's lot is, milk and honey, The teacher's is to teach, the law's to make, T. high bright wears his bowie, and his credits are, As simple as the sun, was the sun of Oil.

For in every state is an ocean of gold, And you'd think diamonds were with the result, Green rocks change to emeralds curiously quick, And blue-sabres and bank notes are equally blue.

There all the old figures, at whatever fever, Most parts in their constellations, to give them flavor; There they are all their means, to magnificence, star, Of all kinds of crystal and pearls of real place.

There the drabs is a jake, and the rotund bankers Are considered too lost of full-pocketed others; So little have native-born princesses to fear, With three thousand a day, and a million a year.

There the millions quickly gain and some fine morning, And his master, and then master forever doubt, To the sun all day, and to dream all night; Not so with Lazurus. He did, as it were,

What people on the are advised to keep ready, Every way, every thought, every plan of life, Was first to get money, and then get a wife.

It was not very long he was married past first, And then set to work to be a master, like the sun.

He did not wait until he had the two to get married, Like the sun without light, he would surely have Wilton. If he ever had had the two to get married,

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